And kneele sweete boy, the Romaine Hectors hope,
And sweare with me, as with the wofull feere,
And father of that chast dishonoured Dame,
Lord *Iunius Brutus* sweare for *Lucrece* rape,
That we will prosecute by good aduise
Mortall reuenge vpon these trayterous Gothes,
And see their blood, or die with this reproch.
Titus. Tis sure enough, and you knew how,
But if you hunt these Beare whelpes then beware,
The Dam will wake, and if she winde you once,
Shee's with the Lyon deepely still in league,
And lulls him whilst she playeth on her back.
And when he sleepes will she do what she list.
You are a young huntsman *Marcus*, let it alone,
And come I will goe get a leafe of brasse,
And with a gad of steele will write these words,
And lay it by: the angry Northerne winde,
Will blow these sands like *Sibels* leaues abroad,
And wheres your lesson then, boy what say you?
Puer I say my Lord, that if I were a man,
Their mothers bed-chamber should not be safe,
For these bad bond-men to the yoake of Rome.
Marc. I thats my boy, thy father hath full oft,
For his vngratefull country done the like.
Puer. And Vnckle so will I, and if I liue.
Titus. Come goe with me into mine Armorie,
Lucius Ile fit thee, and withall, my boy
Shall carry from me to the Empresse sonnes,
Presents that I intend to send them both,
Come, come, thoult do thy message, wilt thou not?
Puer. I with my dagger in their bosomes Grandsier.
Titus. No boy not so, Ile teach thee another course,
Lauinia come, *Marcus* looke to my house,
Lucius and Ile goe braue it at the Court.

14. – let alone,

I marry will we sir, and weele be waited on. *Exeunt.*
Marc. O heauens! can you heare a good man grone
And not relent, or not compassion him?
Marcus attend him in his extasie,
That hath more scars of sorrow in his hart,
Then foe-mens markes vpon his battred shield,
But yet so iust, that he will not reuenge,
Reuenge the heauens for old *Andronicus.* *Exit*

Enter Aron, Chiron and Demetrius at one dore, and at another dore young Lucius and another, with a bundle of weapons, and verses writ vpon them.

Chiron. Demetrius heeres the sonne of *Lucius*,
He hath some message to deliuer vs.
Aron. I some mad message from his mad Grandfather.
Puer. My Lords, with all the humblenes I may,
I greete your honours from *Andronicus*,
And pray the Romane Gods confound you both.
Deme. Gramercie louely *Lucius*, what's the newes?
Puer. That you are both decipherd, that's the newes,
For villaines markt with rape. May it please you,
My Grandsier well aduisde hath sent by me,
The goodliest weapons of his Armorie,
To gratifie your honourable youth
The hope of Rome, for so he bad me say:
And so I do, and with his gifts present
Your Lordships, when euer you haue neede,
You may be armed and appointed well,
And so I leaue you both: like bloody villaines. *Exit.*
Deme. What's heere? a scrole, and written round about?
Let's see,
Integer vitæ scelerisque purus, non eget mauri iaculis nec arcu.
Chiron. O tis a verse in *Horace*, I know it well.

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